

The Wichita Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

TIT FOR TAT IN THE TRANSVAAL.

But two or three days ago Johnny Bull was tossing his hat high and hilariously over a report from Lord Kitchener that he had captured six hundred Boers. The sympathizers with the people of the prostrated and ruined republic of South Africa hung their heads in sorrow believing that the decimated ranks of the patriot Boer had made the last stand and that following which defeat would soon come the news of an unconditional surrender of what little there is left. But before the echo of British rejoicings had died away a Pretoria dispatch of Monday to London announces that Lieutenant Colonel Anderson commanding a British escort was attacked from rear and side by a body of burghers and 632 British killed and taken prisoners and the convoy of several hundred mule teams stampeded, the wagons being destroyed. The fighting lasted two hours, the Boers charging the British column in the open, capturing two cannons. And again the cause of freedom in the Transvaal goes up several points.

THE RURAL SERVICE A NEIGHBORLY ONE.

The free rural mail delivery service is becoming very popular. In ninety-nine instances in every hundred the service is in the hands of citizens living within the bounds of the circuit. The pay for the service is barely fair. The carriers being personally known to those whom he serves there is little chance of complaint. But the proposition of the Congressional Committee on Postoffice and Postroads to let the service out on contract is meeting with a very general protest, and it should. The service should not be put on a "star route" basis which serves country postoffices but be kept on the neighborly basis. The Indianapolis Journal expresses indignation over the proposed change. That paper says:

"It is surprising that a committee charged with the supervision of a branch of the public service which comes closer to home than any other should make such a mistake as to endorse this proposition. It has not an argument to sustain it, and is indefensible from any point of view. From the beginning of the rural free delivery service its strength, popularity and success have consisted mainly in the fact that it was service for the people and by the people. Without the intervention of any middlemen or contractors it was the means of bringing the government and people into direct touch and enabling the residents of rural districts to realize the benefits of the postal service as they had never done before. The rural carrier was one of the people and a connecting link between the national government and every home he visited. There was no chance for jobbery and the organization was so simple that its efficiency was assured from the beginning. Now, when its success has been demonstrated and when the people are clamoring for its extension, comes a proposition for a change that would destroy its usefulness and make it a source of scandal instead of pride. That letting the service out to the lowest bidder would have this effect hardly admits of a doubt. To substitute for rural carriers, virtually chosen by the people and possessed of their confidence, non-resident contractors unknown to them would destroy popular interest in the service and end in making it a nuisance instead of a blessing. It would simply place the rural mail service back under the inefficient and often corrupt methods of the star route service. As now conducted, rural carriers, in addition to delivering mail in the neighborhoods they traverse, register and deliver registered letters, give receipts for money orders, make special deliveries in the same way and for the same fees as city carriers, and undertake the personal delivery of pension checks. To transfer these duties to the irresponsible sub-contractor or some lowest bidder would be a frightful blunder. It is hoped that every member of the Indiana delegation in Congress will vote against the proposition."

A KANSAS MAN IN NEW YORK.

Eugen F. Ware, an apt Kansas editor, who years ago pulled off his soldier shoulder-strap to mount the tripod, and who in being a horn poet later turned lawyer, yet the one whom the Eagle estimates as being Kansas' greatest philologist and philosopher, appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States the other day to argue the riparian rights of the Kansas Arkansas valley settlers against the sequestering proclivities of the Colorado Arkansas valley settlers. This being a clear as well as a comprehensive statement covering both the man and his case we note that the Supreme Court having been adequately enlightened as to what its verdict in the pending issue should be, this defender of our ancient easements and vested rights drifted over to New York City and this is what the Times has to say of Kansas' poet-lawyer:

"By an interesting coincidence Mr. Eugene F. Ware, whose humorous poems under the name of 'Ironquill' were noticed in last week's issue by John Paul, happened to be in New York the day the notice appeared. His home is in Topeka, Kan., where he is a lawyer, and some business for a client had brought him to New York. Mr. Ware is a native of Hartford, and served through the war in an Iowa regiment, being mustered out as a captain. He has served five years in the Senate of Kansas and has been a delegate to two National Republican Conventions. 'Rhymes of Ironquill' is now in its tenth edition, each edition having appeared, we believe, at Topeka. Readers of this volume have expressed surprise that no edition has been brought out by an eastern publisher. As we remarked last Saturday, Mr. Howells, ten years ago appreciatively celebrated this interesting bard. Mr. Ware is an old friend of Dr. James H. Canfield, and was his guest on Saturday evening last at the Century club. The two men were friends in Kansas many years ago. It may be added that Mr. Walter H. Page, the editor of the *Washington Post*, at one time lived in Kansas, where he knew both these men. Albert Bigelow Paine has also lived in Kansas."

WHY WE BOUGHT THE DANISH ISLANDS.

Now that things have all changed around in the West Indies and the United States has taken the rank of a first class world power, the purchase or possession of the Danish West India Islands became a necessity. The purchase which has been arranged in a treaty whose ratification by the Senate is assured, is an acquisition of great strategic value to this country. For more than thirty years the American government has been seeking to annex these islands, but until now it has failed. In 1867 an offer of \$7,500,000 was made for them by Secretary Seward, but Denmark refused to sell them for less than \$15,000,000. Subsequently the Secretary agreed to pay \$7,500,000 for the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, but complications arose which prevented the bargain from being completed. Denmark insisted that the people of these islands should be allowed to vote on the question,

and they did so, the result showing only twenty-three votes against annexation in a total of more than 1,300. The sale was arranged in a treaty which failed of ratification in the Senate in 1870. Since that time the islands have been in the market for any nation that might choose to pay \$5,000,000 for them, and this has been more or less of a menace to the United States. So long as this country is at peace with the world, the islands are of no military or naval importance to us; but if we were to become involved in a war with Germany or France, and Germany or France should at any time be in possession of these islands, it would be a very serious matter for us. It is this view of the case that has compelled the purchase under the strong advice of all our military authorities, including the Naval Board of Strategy. The islands, together with Porto Rico, occupy the northeastern portion of the Caribbean Sea. St. Thomas, the largest of them, is the natural point of call for all European trade bound to the West Indies, Central America and the northern part of South America. With Porto Rico they lie directly in the pathway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea to the entrance of an isthmian canal, and are of great importance to us in connection with the commerce of the canal.

PREVALENCE OF FATAL DISEASES.

Human ailments seem ever to go in waves. The diseases of one decade differ greatly in character and virulence from those of the preceding decade or years. Smallpox as a fatality seems to be on its last legs, growing milder with each succeeding wave. Cholera which formerly swept the Southern and Middle States with so great a per cent of mortality is no longer heard of and even yellow fever has lost its dread imparting malignancy. The bubonic plague seems imminent, while it is certain that the grip from being formerly but little more than a bad cold without any alarming sequelae has become a dreaded influenza, numbering an increasing number of victims annually. Pneumonia just now in proving very fatal is very rare. Pneumonia, as its name signifies, has been supposed to be the result of sudden cold. The New York Medical Journal declares that this is not true. That medical organ says that "It is years now since the medical profession gave up the idea that exposure to cold was capable per se of giving rise to pneumonia; we know that the disease is due to a specific micro-organism. But the notion that this is good weather for pneumonia—meaning cold weather—still holds almost unquestioned sway among the people. It is said that the President's son, who was recently ill with pneumonia, had been in the habit of taking long walks in the country bareheaded, and that in this practice he had been joined by a number of his schoolmates. To this exposure of his head some writers have felt inclined to attribute the pneumonia. No argument is needed to unsettle the theory; we have only to point to the experience of the pupils of Christ's hospital in London, known as the 'Blue Coat School,' on account of the garb worn by the boys. The small blue worsted cap which has always formed part of their uniform they seldom wear, having cast it aside soon after the founding of the school in 1553. They are to be met with in all parts of London in any season of the year, and in all sorts of weather, always bareheaded. This practice of theirs has been going on for more than three hundred years now, furnishing on a large scale experimental evidence against the notion that cold causes pneumonia. For the disease has been no more rare among them than among other schoolboys."

MOST DANGEROUS OFFICIAL POSITION.

There is more danger than honor attached to the office of Grand Vizier of Turkey, if reports be true. It is said that of the last two hundred of these ministers not more than twenty-four have died natural deaths. They did not give satisfaction and were forced to make a sudden exit into the unknown, some one hundred by poisoning and thirty-six by drowning or decapitation. Of the forty fated ones remaining no trace can be found, but it is conceded that their end was not happy. One of the vizier's spent four hours in office and another but ten minutes, the latter being strangled at the end of that time. It is evident that the Sultan does not give his chief ministers a chance to become acquainted with their duties.

IS AGAIN A GREAT MAN.

General Weyler of infamous reputation is the great man of Spain at present. He is said to be the only one capable of restoring order in the country and his power is practically unlimited. He appears to be making use of all his old time tactics. He has just issued an order to the residents of Barcelona to deliver up all their fire-arms within three days, on pain of court-martial and death. Weyler is fortunate in belonging to Spain, for in few other nations would he even be tolerated, much less raised to the dignity of dictator. What Spain needs to need most of all is a few good statesmen to guide her affairs of state.

AWAY BACK AND SIT DOWN.

The postoffice authorities have sensibly ruled that writing on a paper inclosing third-class mail matter, descriptive of the contents and not in the nature of personal correspondence, does not make the whole package subject to letter postage. The extra smart Chicago clerk who has had so much trouble lately may now go away back. Nobody cares whether he sits down or not.

Marconi has a hard time with the incredulous. He has sent only the letter "S" long distances. This consists of three dots. The scientists say that atmospheric disturbances might cause three dots and are demanding another letter.

General Cipriano Castro has assumed the presidency of Venezuela. But they do so many things in Venezuela and under the next day, that it is impossible to feel concerned about it.

Just before the war there was a South Carolinian in the House named Keitt. He tried to lick Galusha Grow one day, and Grow knocked him out with a right-hander.

Ex-Governor Hoger wanted to attend the coronation, but when informed that he would have to wear knee-breeches, balked. He wanted to wear a linen duster.

The country just now is going crazy over ping-pong. It is one of the devices provided by nature to drag Americans away from work.

An Indiana girl laughed so hard at a theatrical performance that she spit one of her sides. It must have been her weak side.

By this time Prince Henry must be getting a little tired of reception, and must be hoping for a day off.

Henry as a rule makes simpler, better replies to addresses of welcome than the addresses are.

The people are getting weary of expositions. Mighty little is heard of the Charleston show.

Mayor Jones of Toledo says that the purification of politics is almost an iridescent dream.

The brigands swore Miss Stone to secrecy. That will help advertise the lecture.

Trouble within six miles of Manila is enough to re-arrange Edward Atkinson.

The snarlheads of Paterson could stand fire, but water—that was too much.

By this time Prince Henry must feel certainly welcomed.

A GIRL AND A BARGAIN HUNTER.

It was a queer partnership, that between Horace Dumas and Amy Strange. Its motive was matrimony on the coming first of the year. Its chief term of agreement was that, if the girl should have a cash capital of \$1,000 and all their debts paid. Deeply, constantly, almost feverishly in love, they had been yet held in check by that, for artists, almost incredible pact. It was her suggestion, of course. She had more sense than Horace, and determined that their marriage should start on something more tangible and nourishing than ideas and cracks. But the first of December had come and they had scarcely \$100 left. Of this \$100 had been saved by Amy. How she did it was a mystery to her lover, but the little column of figures scratched on the wall of his studio was a constant and humiliating reminder that she was the better man.

She was a wood burner and eked out her living and that of her mother by the sale of her quality wares. He was a painter of rare talent, reasonable industry, and an utter lack of business sense. There had been weeks since his return from Paris when his whole revenue was derived from unsold not-borders which Amy had sold for him. The serious things he had completed would not sell. He never could master the art of "crackling up" his own stuff, and the few articles he had with him were brought about by the accident that he might never sell it. For it was an inspiration to him. It reminded him of the old, palmy days in Paris; the master had wept over it and had begged him when he offered it to the jury. Amy had posed for one of the figures; in a word, it was his retrospect and his pledge to the future. But when he saw some one else's sketches showed less than her's he abandoned his resolution and made up his mind to sell his treasure if he could.

"Being proud of his sweetheart and sure of the honor of his work, he was deeply humiliated when the year's end drew near and the 'handwriting on the wall' told him that he had not only failed to sell his masterpiece, but that the wedding must again be postponed unless he could make a coup and make it quickly. Upon his dusty wall hung his chief work. There had hung it two years, admitted by many, praised, talked about, but unsold. He had sworn a thousand times that he would never part with it for less than \$1,000, and in his heart he wished that he might never sell it. For it was an inspiration to him. It reminded him of the old, palmy days in Paris; the master had wept over it and had begged him when he offered it to the jury. Amy had posed for one of the figures; in a word, it was his retrospect and his pledge to the future. But when he saw some one else's sketches showed less than her's he abandoned his resolution and made up his mind to sell his treasure if he could.

"I'm going to sell my sales picture, Amy," he said to her when she came in the next day.

"Good for you, Horace," she laughed, for she was a practical little beauty.

"Who gets the treasure?"

"I don't know yet," he hesitated. "What's the least you'd take for it, Amy?"

"Oh, I don't know," she sighed. And his heart faltered when she added, glancing askance at him under her picture hat, "It'd be dirt cheap at—"

"Five hundred," she ventured.

He was half angry at her "commercialism" as he called it, and as he looked sulky she frowned away with a reassurance. The day he told her his hat down over his eyes, and with shame and the courage of desperation almost ran to the downtown office of Manheimer, the great commercial and once "talked about" buying Horace's picture. Face to face with his prospective customer, Horace began to feel that he was making a mistake. He was not used to selling his picture. The rich man began to ask him to admit that he "might buy it at half price." That put matters at once on a different basis. Instead of holding back poor Horace, driven by shame over his superior savings, and pined to think that she and Manheimer (whom he despised) had appreciated his picture at the same time, he was now in a position to argue, during which the shrewd buyer "jeweled" him down to \$200. The picture was sold.

And if it was to your house this afternoon," said Horace, flushed and half angry as he pocketed the check.

He went back to his studio and with a shaking hand scribbled at the bottom of the check the figures of the final \$200. Then he called an expressman, and with unspoken pang parted forever with what had been the pride and hope of his young career.

Any came back toward dusk and made some tea for him. It was five minutes before he spoke and then he lighted a lamp, led her up to the fire and turned his savings, showed her the footing—"\$1,000"—and kissed her. Then they were happy for a while, but before she left him she got into a fine little French car.

Manheimer's "hateful, stingy, bargain-hunting littleness." That's what Amy called it, and she was so angry that Horace now found his heart set on the car.

By the way, Horace, I want another picture, a water color in place, but it must have a sea, some ship in it, a brook and—oh, yes—about ten by twenty, so it'll frame up twenty by thirty. Make a pretty good thing, don't sign it. Remember, now, don't sign it."

About a week later Horace was invited to visit Mr. Manheimer's galleries, ostensibly to see his own picture in place, but in reality to adorn one of those little functions which the upstairs regard as incomplete without an atmosphere of "Bismarck."

When dinner was over the guests went strolling through the fine gallery, and Horace, to evade the senseless flattery that was showered upon his picture, wandered away to inspect some of the other famous works. He paused, astonished, in front of a water color that looked strangely familiar. It was gorgeously framed and away to inspect some of the other famous works. He paused, astonished, in front of a water color that looked strangely familiar. It was gorgeously framed and away to inspect some of the other famous works.

He had studied it for two minutes before he was perfectly sure that it was the very portrait he had sold with sheep. Indeed, and "remember" the day he had given to Amy assigned a week ago! Yet here it was between a famous Corot and a worthy George, a weak, false, miserable double, representing another masterpiece.

"How do you like my Saint-Germain, Mr. Dumas?" asked Manheimer over his shoulder.

"Oh, very—that is, to be truthful, I never heard of him—"

"Not well, you wouldn't be ashamed of it. He was a genius who died before he reached the salon, a tragedy, a mere bird—arrived in death in 32, the very year he did this one."

"Where did you get it, may I ask?"

"Oh, that way in the west, rather Manheimer, picking his big, yellow teeth."

"A Miss String or String or something, a 'wood-burner' who gives my daughter lessons in painting up the stairs. She was hard on you and offered it to me for two hundred. Hazed to part with it, knew its value and all that, but, well, I sold it for a hundred and—"

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OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

There are only two papers in Beaver County, and they are in a scrap.

Banker H. H. Watkins, of Tulsa, is getting up a fine collection of rare coins.

In the Alvin Pioneer a list of about 100 Kansas farms are advertised for sale.

A family at Medford is doing the unusual and inexcusable thing of moving to Arkansas.

Blackwell, according to the News, has the most able set of ministers of any city in Oklahoma.

It is reported at Blackwell that John R. Tate was badly injured in a runaway at Hobart last week.

By the time the statehood matter reaches the senate, New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma may all be in an omnibus bill.

Dr. Hume, who has been physician of the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches for eleven years, has handed in his resignation.

The Christian church at El Reno was filed to overflowing the night that Reverend Anderson explained why he quit the Baptists.

Now that the town of Arapahoe has dropped the final "e," some of the papers ought to get out that extra "m" in Comanche.

Father Constantine, of El Reno, assisted by Fathers Isidore and Urban de Musque, dedicated the new Catholic church at El Reno Sunday.

A young man at Kingwood, in playing baseball last Sunday dislocated his left shoulder. It is dangerous to play baseball on Sunday.

Reverend Anderson, of El Reno, who quit the Baptist church, is getting a heap of advertising over the nation.

It is said that many of the horses shipped into the new country from the north and east died this winter. They are not hard to winter here.

Mayor Hensley has butted into the Baptist-Christian church discussion at El Reno, and the chances are that he will never come out whole.

Ernest Green, who was located at El Reno during the rush as an attorney, has been nominated by the Republicans of Kansas City for mayor.

The Democratic territorial committee has decided in favor of immediate single statehood or none. There is no such possibility as "immediate single statehood."

When the Republican congressional convention gets together and nominates a man, the Democrats will be pretty well convinced that Flynn isn't going to be a candidate.

The Guyton Herald says it is for Dr. Flynn for congress, and adds: "If Mr. Flynn does not run, then we are for the man the Herald is for."

Stroud Messenger. Two little Sas and Fox Indian children were almost frightened to death last Saturday when the El Reno passenger train pulled in. This was the first time they had ever viewed the monster from horse, and they put up some pretty tall howling while their parents made about as much noise in laughing at their frightened offspring.

Stroud Messenger. Last Saturday, while El Reno was celebrating some good at public auction on the streets, a good deal of merriment was caused by Uncle P. G. Graham on one side of the wagon holding out a new stock, pitchfork and a number of other little articles, while his son on the other side promptly rubbed his bid. Finally the old gentleman crawled up on the wagon to take a peep at the fellow on the other side, who seemed to need those articles as badly as he, and found that his son had run them from him up to see on him, and no one else in the large crowd of men seemed to need the equipments.

ALONG THE KANSAS RIVER.

The McPherson county delegates were instructed for Long and Nelson.

During February the sales of the drugists in Topeka fell off 50 per cent.

By the House Will White is knocked out of the chance to attend the coronation of Edward.

Ralph Ingalls, of Atchison, is trying to be made assistant attorney general in the Philippines.

Every one of the thirty-six counties in the seventh district instructed their delegates for Long.

The Emporia Gazette says that the story printed that Will White is in a serious condition is a mistake.

It is said that the Bourbon county delegation which will be chosen today will be instructed for Cole for governor.

There are some Kansas people who never miss a big exposition. They are just now figuring on starting boarding houses in St. Louis.

According to the Atchison Globe, a dangerous sort of a man is the kind who stands a great deal, and then explodes for all his faults at once.

Topeka is to have a Turkish bath house, and is excited about some good at public auction on the streets.

Major Parker's administration even rip bread may eventually appear.

Governor Stanley has a good idea about Kansas' building at St. Louis, to make it a place of rest, to get rid of the Kansas and chairs and cut out the corn picture.

Bully's friends claim that the 32 delegates already elected to the state convention stand as follows: Bailey, 11; Tolman, 10; H. H. Watkins, 9; Cole, 8; H. H. Watkins, 8; G. H. Watkins, 7.

Wichita county has two votes in the state convention, and Frank Grimes says it will divide its strength equally between Tolman, Miller, Ingalls, Cole and Bailey for governor.

When the Kansas City Commercial club recently struck Kansas, Kansas the young women held the Kansas City men for \$2 for tickets to a local entertainment. The Commercial club has cut out Down on future trips.

Topeka Capital. "Sales of liquor by the Topeka drug stores have fallen off from 600 in December to 125 in February. This indicates that the Topeka men are not every day paper standing in front of a bar to sitting on an ice chest."

A dispatch from Leavenworth says that R. M. Rogers has left the Chronicle. The news and that most of the staff of the Chronicle has resigned. The story is that the grandmother of a young woman found the young woman (included in Rogers' news and included in his arrest) and that he was arrested. One of the proprietors of the paper says that Rogers was discharged.

Ottawa Republic. For several days have been carried off articles of food through the streets, which they are taking in a various and a simple manner. They lift them out by hook, from the shelves along the river banks. These fish are immediately of various varieties the "fish-bird" and are worthless for eating.

The waters swarmed with them but fish catchers them to the extent that they were scarce, and the water was so full of them that they were not able to catch them. They were so full of them that they were not able to catch them. They were so full of them that they were not able to catch them.

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